

T H E

U N H A P P Y  
L O V E R S  
G A R L A N D.

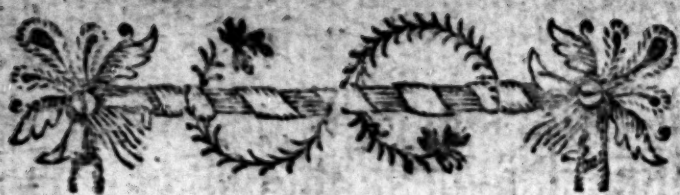
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T E W K E S B U R Y:

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are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



T H E

# Unhappy Lovers Garland.



P A R T I.

**H**ARD by a sweet delightful green,  
Where shepherds and their nymphs  
A lady beautiful and fair, (serene,  
Did walk that way to take the air.

A certain shepherd in the field,  
Young Cupid made his heart to yield,  
To love the charming beauty bright,  
The swain was wounded at her sight.

The shepherd cry'd, What's come to me,  
That I thus must entangled be?  
O it is for that beauty fair,  
That I this burning torture bear.

If it be so, I love in vain,  
I know she'll scorn you with disdain,  
If I should court her for my dove,  
For she'll not be a shepherd's love.

She is a lady of much might,  
And fit for some great lord or knight;  
Therefore my hopes are all in vain,  
She will not love a shepherd swain.

Alas! could I no other see,  
According to my own degree,  
But I must fix my fond delight,  
Upon a lady of such might.

Why am I thus of foolish mind,  
To be in love so strong confin'd,  
With a great lady of renown,  
Hard fortune does upon me frown.

O that I might her servant be,  
To wait on her that I might see,  
Each day her charming pretty face,  
That does appear with so much grace.

But O the fates are most unkind,  
I dare not for to tell my mind;  
Because I am unworthy sure,  
Come death and be my perfect cure.

If I by writing should explain  
My mind, she'll take it in disdain,  
And certainly make a scoff at me,  
Because I am of mean degree.

She is an heiress, that I know,  
Therefore her father will bestow  
Her on some wealthy man of fame,  
For which I well may blush for shame.

To think of my unhappy fate,  
To love a woman that's so great,  
But yet I must do all I can,  
Yet know I am a ruin'd man.

My fortune sure is very hard,  
To love and for to be debarr'd,  
From her whom I so fain would have,  
I die, I die, her captive slave.

I'm not the first that died for love,  
So in this lonesome shady grove,  
I mean to end my mournful days,  
But while I live her charms I'll praise.





## P A R T II.

**N**OW in the second part I write,  
Concerning of this beauty bright,  
And in few words I'll briefly show,  
How she his love came for to know.

One certain night as thus it seems,  
This lady haunted was with dreams;  
And in thoughts fancy'd a voice,  
▲ shepherd said, would be her choice.

He's all alone in yonder grove,  
With your sweet charms wrapt up in love,  
Oa that poor swain some pity take,  
Or else you his heart will break.

Next morning when she wak'd we find,  
The lady ponder'd in her mind,  
And then she was resolv'd to go,  
To see if it was so or no.

According to her dream she found,  
The shepherd lying on the ground:  
She was amaz'd the sight to view,  
And said, I find some dreams are true.

He looks to be but mean and poor,  
And I am blest with riches store;  
Therefore he is no man for me,  
I must have one of high degree.

I pity him that loves in vain,  
So thought to wander back again:  
With that young Cupid sent a dart,  
Which fairly shot her to the heart.

With that she chang'd her tone, and said,  
 I find my yielding heart betray'd;  
 What sudden change is come to me,  
 Methinks I love him tenderly.

Not knowing that she was so near,  
 He often cry'd, my love my dear,  
 My thoughts are tortur'd by your charms,  
 I should be happy in your arms.

A so thou shalt, my love, she cry'd,  
 Then lovingly she sat by his side,  
 And in her lap she plac'd his head,  
 He could not speak but lay for dead.

With over joy he swooned then,  
 She soon revived him again,  
 With some choice comfortable thing,  
 Which she that time did with her bring.

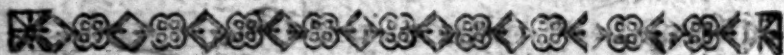
Being reviv'd these words he spoke,  
 Lady, my heart is almost broke;  
 Although I am unworthy sure,  
 Your words afford a perfect cure.

The lady said, sweet lovely swain,  
 Thou shalt no longer love in vain,  
 I will not flight thee, no, not I,  
 But strait unto thy arms I'll fly:

Altho' thou art but mean and poor,  
 Thou shalt be master of my store;  
 Since thou hast such a love for me,  
 I'll die before I'll part with thee.

Oftentimes they did appoint to meet,  
 With compliments and kisses sweet,  
 They often did their joys renew,  
 As constant lovers ought to do.

But many crosses fall in love,  
 To those that do constant prove;  
 Give me but leave and I shall write,  
 How all their joys were blasted quite.



P A R T III.

**T**WAS told her father out of spite,  
 A shepherd was her whole delight,  
 Which put him into such a rage,  
 That nothing could his wrath assuage.

So sending for his daughter strait,  
 Between them was a great debate;  
 He used yet great arguments,  
 That he would shew great violence.

You may have noblemen, I know,  
 And now would you disgrace me so?  
 The love of the shepherd's crew,  
 I mean to punish him and you.

Father, if you in the scripture look,  
 King David had a shepherd's crook,  
 And was a shepherd too I know,  
 Then don't despise a shepherd so.

Her father said with spleen of heart,  
 I shall confine you for my part,  
 And him to prison I will him send,  
 A gallows soon shall be his end.

She to her chamber was confin'd,  
 Like one distracted in her mind,  
 Hearing he was to prison sent,  
 She tore her hair and did lament.



This passed on at length one day,  
 Her father mildly thus did say,  
 You must with me to London go,  
 And for what reason you shall know.

A noble baron there doth dwell,  
 I am assured he loves you well,  
 If you will yield to be his wife,  
 Then I will save the shepherd's life.

And set him at his liberty,  
 But otherwise he sure shall die;  
 To save his life she was so kind  
 To yield, tho' much against her mind.

So then she up to London came,  
 To see this baron of great fame;  
 The marriage rites she did fulfill,  
 Although it was against her will.

The shepherd did his freedom gain,  
 But was in sad tormenting pain,  
 To lose his love that was so kind,  
 He could no rest nor comfort find.

The shepherd said this vow I make,  
 Never to marry for her sake;  
 But will go single to the grave,  
 That loving lady's captive slave.

The poor lady for her part,  
 Lamented still with heavy heart;  
 Her husband prov'd a villain too,  
 And did resort with wicked crew.

For he was so extravagant,  
 That all her substance soon was spent,  
 And then left her in sad distress,  
 Poor lady she was comfortless,

This is a truth we know full well,  
The lady quite distracted fell,  
In raving manner day and night,  
She said my joys are blasted quite.

O bring my shepherd unto me,  
That I his pretty face may see,  
And I will be his loving bride,  
So raving mad this lady dy'd.

This caus'd her father to lament,  
So then he for the shepherd sent,  
And settled on him as we hear,  
The sum of fifty pounds a year.

Her father to him thus did say,  
Chear up, good shepherd, now I pray,  
Some care of thee I mean to take,  
For my dear loving daughter's sake.

The shepherd still no rest could find,  
But was tormented in his mind;  
In little time he broke his heart,  
Which put an end to all his smart.

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